

Miscellaneous.

WHY WE DOUBT.

BY PROF. WM. H. H. PHILLIPS, A. M.

A noted writer has said, in an article published some months ago, that a collapse of religious belief is apparently now at hand. That skepticism is undermining the religious faith of the educated, and is spreading to an alarming extent among the masses of our people, is admitted by both the friends and enemies of Christianity. When we consider its probable consequences, it becomes to us a matter of the greatest importance to candidly seek its causes and fearlessly point out the necessary remedies. It is not like the past revolutions that have taken place in the history of the Christian Church, which have generally placed it upon a higher, purer and more substantial basis. It is not a dispute between rival dogmas and different forms of church government. The inspiration and authority of the Scriptures are called in question. They are openly condemned as being opposed to the intellectual progress of the age, and the most advanced radicals take the ground that their moral teachings are erroneous and unsafe. They do not stop to discuss the character and attributes of God, but doubt even the existence of a God and trace the laws and operations of nature back to the unknown.

We often hear it said that there is and can be no conflict between science and religion. When these terms are properly defined and accepted, this statement is unquestionably true. The war is between theology and the church upon one side, and science and religion on the other. The former are human institutions, and have never interfered with science without doing great injury to the cause of religion. This has been so frequently and fully stated that it is not necessary to dwell upon it here. Some of the discoveries in science have been attacked on the ground that they were dangerous to the cause of "truth," but they have never failed to advance the cause of religion.

Two things are especially responsible for the increasing skepticism of our times, and for the general breaking away from the healthy restraints of the church by all classes of our people. The first is the dangerous assumption so frequently made by public teachers and weekly journals, that if certain scientific theories are true and accepted by the people, they will inevitably lead to the overthrow of the Christian religion. We are aware that this is deprecated by the intelligent, thinking men of the church, whose faith in Christ is so great that they believe His teachings will harmonize with nature's laws, and whose religion is so exalted that they welcome the truth from whatever source it may come, however much it may conflict with their previous views. There is a large and growing class of persons who believe in science, who are repelled when they hear it denounced; and when it is gravely stated that a theory cannot be true because it is inconsistent with divine Revelation, they often accept the theory and forever reject the letter. Many young men, born and bred in the church and fully in sympathy with its work, are suddenly thrown by such a course on the part of their spiritual advisers into a position of doubt from which years of painful struggle do not release them. To whom shall they go for succor? They know too well how little sympathy there is for doubters and skeptics. Believe all her teachings or leave the church, is substituted for the divine promise, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

We occasionally meet men who seem to think scientific investigations are carried on for the purpose of undermining the Christian religion. Such a purpose is impossible for a genuine investigator of nature. In order to succeed and gain the confidence of the scientific world, he must have an intense longing for the truth and a willingness to accept it as soon as, and only when, it has been demonstrated. His best preparation is to possess the virtues and practice the teachings of Christ. It is not geology or evolution that has lessened the hold of the church upon the masses and undermined their faith during the past fifty years, so much as it is the attacks of her avowed defenders upon these departments of science.

Many of the scientific men in our country are not only friendly to Christianity, but are active Christian workers in our churches. And it is desirable that this state of things should continue. During a stay of three years in German universities, I seldom saw a professor of the philosophical faculty attending church. I asked a distinguished physicist of Heidelberg the cause of this. He

answered, "Religion belongs to the theological faculty, and we never meddle with it."

The second cause of skepticism is the want of scientific training by our religious teachers. There are evidences of the genuineness of the Christian religion which are entirely overlooked or rejected by many of its defenders. So intently have they studied the supernatural and miraculous, that any attempt made to harmonize its history, development and principles with the course of nature, is treated with contempt. When Christ had established His divinity to the satisfaction of His followers, the age of miracles closed, and the religion He has given us as distinguished from that of the Jewish nation is practically a scientific religion. All of His well-understood teachings are, I think, in perfect harmony with nature's laws, but they are not in harmony with any system of theology that does now or ever has existed. The divine government is to-day, and has been for the past 1,800 years, strictly in harmony with the laws the Creator established for the government of the universe; and if we would appropriate to ourselves the highest benefits of religion, we must obey those laws. The man who would go to President Arthur and make the claim that Shemiah did before Rehoboth (1 Kings 12:21-24), would be considered fit for an insane asylum; and the same may be said of nearly all the supernatural events narrated in the historical books of the Old Testament when applied to our own times. As a history of the past and for their influence on our literature, those books ought to be studied more than they are; but it seems to me a fatal error to make the acceptance of any theory in reference to them a necessary condition of church membership or of admission to the ministry. Making them, or the poetic fancies of Milton or Dante, the interpreters of contemporary events, has driven thousands from the influence of the church, while the false theories of the universe supposed to be based on their authority have been so little in accord with established facts that they have been held by intelligent men as not only worthless, but misleading. It is difficult to say how much this is responsible for the indifference of our prominent men of all professions to the subject of religion. It would be very desirable to know just what the correct interpretations of those books are, and for all of us to accept those interpretations, but it is better to have no theory in reference to them than to teach and insist upon the acceptance of a false theory or one generally questioned, for it furnishes the enemies of religion a strong argument against their authenticity.

There is but one thing that will save us from the prophesied collapse of religious belief, and that is to leave doubtful and disputed questions open for free discussion. Many of them which are now troubling us will vanish and be forgotten, as did the heated discussions of the Christian fathers and bishops which disgraced the church during the first four centuries. That a wicked man should be aroused to a consciousness of his wickedness, that he should have a sincere desire to lead a new life, will be acknowledged by every one; and few men will contend against evil habits very long without feeling the need of all the human and divine aid which the church offers us. But it is no more necessary to have a theory in regard to Genesis or Revelation than to have one in reference to the formation of the earth and universe. A knowledge of nature's laws, such as may be obtained from the study of physiology, geology, astronomy, and kindred subjects, helps to elevate men and enable them to rise above their own weaknesses. The difference between China and Japan and our own country is not so much in morals as in the development that has resulted mainly from the study of science; and our missionaries to those lands will not have the success they merit until this fact is more fully recognized.

There is no country in which well-directed missionary work is so much demanded as in our newly-settled States and Territories, and there is no land whose theology is being so surely and so rapidly undermined as the Christian theology in England and the United States. This fact is already known by the educated classes of heathen countries, and is the most powerful argument they can use against the acceptance of the Christian religion. Our theology needs to be re-stated. It is full of absolute theories which few independent thinkers believe, and which hinder the work of the church. The courses of study in our theological schools need revision, and modern

studies should be substituted to a greater extent for ancient philosophy and mythology. Our young men looking onward to the ministry should be early taught to observe God's present methods of running the universe and dealing with mankind, and pay less heed to what His methods may or may not have been twenty centuries ago. Then God was revealed through miracles; now the study of nature reveals to us the same God. Then Christ's teachings were established by violators of nature's laws; now we accept them because they are in complete harmony with those laws.

(These are our Professor's honest convictions; but we differ with him in many points.—Ed. ZION'S HERALD.)

NO PROBATION AFTER DEATH.
Dr. Pope Speaks for Himself.

BY REV. DANIEL STEBBE, D. D.

Our "Open Letter to the Bishops," criticizing Dr. Pope's "Theology" as affording the premises from which the reader may infer the doctrine of probation after death, for all who have not heard of Christ, has produced its desired effect. It has called the attention of our church leaders to the danger of this heresy, and, what is better still, it has called out the distinguished author's distinct disavowal of this error. In a very kindly letter to his classmate, Dr. William Butler, Dr. Pope requests his readers not to judge of the doctrines taught in his "Theology" by isolated sentences, but by the trend and drift of the whole work, which he declares to be against any post mortem probation.

He proposes to make the sentences complained of in our "Open Letter" so plain that they cannot be construed as leaning toward the aforesaid heresy. The following changes in the stereotyped plates are proposed by Dr. Pope (Vol. III, p. 10):—

PROPOSED TEXT. "Either through direct preaching or through indirect, either by the Word or by the secret Spirit without the Word, the name of Jesus will be, it must be, the touchstone of every man's will and the arbiter of his doom."

PRESENT TEXT. "Either through direct preaching or through indirect, in this world or beyond it, certainly by the Word, for the Judgment Day, the name of Jesus will be, it must be, the touchstone of every man's will and the arbiter of his doom."

By this change of language we understand that a knowledge of the historical Christ is not absolutely necessary to salvation, but that what Dr. Whedon felicitously styles "the spirit of faith and the purpose of righteousness," may be accepted where the object of faith and the revealed standard of righteousness are unknown. In other words, a pagan may be saved by having in his character the elements of the "essential Christ," to use a phrase just coined in the mind of Joseph Cook. This is only a restatement of John Wesley's words respecting conscientious pagans, "saved through Jesus Christ, though they knew Him not."

Dr. P. proposes to add, at the end of the chapter on "Death and the Intermediate State," the following sentences:—

"We know there is no probation in the intermediate state; it is clearly revealed that we must all be made manifest before the Judgment Seat of Christ; that each may receive the things done in the body. All the infant dead will be made manifest to themselves and to others that they are the Lord's by redemption. What was good in the hearts of the heathen will be made manifest too. But concerning them our wisdom is to adopt the words of John Wesley: 'Nor do I conceive that any man living has a right to sentence all the heathen and Mahomedan world to damnation. It is far better to leave them to Him that made them, and who is the Father of the spirits of all flesh, who is the God of the heathen as well as of the Christians, and who hateth nothing that He hath made. But meantime this is nothing to those who name the name of Christ.'"

We are rejoiced to find the heart of Methodist doctrine sound. The last of her theologians builds on the broad and deep foundations laid by the first. So may it ever be! Amen.

ORTHODOX THEOLOGY.

BY REV. W. F. MALLABIE, D. D.

"Orthodox theology" is the term given for the last forty or fifty years, more or less, to the system of theology taught by the Trinitarian Calvinist Congregational churches in New England. What Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists have taught, has never been known as "orthodox theology." If "orthodox" means sound, and "orthodox theology" means sound theology, then every denomination would claim that it taught orthodox theology. Of course, names do not always state facts, and many times they are very misleading, but certainly there has been no ambiguity in the use of the words "orthodox theology" for the past generation or two—certainly not within the limits of New England.

Hence, when Joseph Cook announces that he is to speak on the "New Departures from Orthodoxy," nine-tenths of his audience suppose that he means the doctrines of the Trinitarian Calvinist Congregational churches of New England. But when he comes to speak upon his previously-advertised theme, all of his audience who have an intelligent understanding of the religious history of New England for the last seventy-five years, are utterly astonished to see so great a man as Mr. Cook is supposed to be completely stultifying himself in attempting to define Orthodoxy. Evidently he has no idea at all of the well-nigh universally-accepted definition of the term he uses. The simple truth is, that he gives a résumé of pure Wesleyan Bible theology, which, during the last ninety years, has been preached in New England—preached here in spite of the most persistent and determined opposition of Orthodoxy, in spite of the most unjust and bitter misrepresentations of Orthodoxy.

Mr. Cook ignored, in his Prelude of a recent Monday, every distinctive feature of Orthodoxy, including the doctrines of infant damnation, election, reprobation, predestination, final perseverance of the saints, and a limited atonement.

These, among other points that need not be mentioned, are the distinctive features of New England Orthodoxy, and it is from these that the public mind and conscience have again and again revolted. They are thoroughly illogical, unscriptural, and absurd. They were never taught in the Word of God, they antagonize reason and common sense, and they are violently opposed to the intuitions of the soul. The wonder of wonders is that any man not in a lunatic asylum could ever have believed them at all. If the Orthodox churches had taught the orthodoxy enunciated by Mr. Cook, there would have been no need of "a new departure," but, taking the Orthodoxy as it really exists, in creeds at least, the sooner the new departure is taken, the better, if it can only be in the line of the theology announced by Mr. Cook in Tremont Temple. Seventy-five years ago there was an uprising against the dogmas of Orthodoxy which resulted in the Unitarian schism—a schism which would have left the merest fraction of the old Orthodoxy in existence, if it had not been that Methodism, just at the time of sorest need, entered New England and commenced its career of aggressive spiritual work, in the benefits of which every Orthodox church in New England has already shared. Now there comes another uprising against the same old dogmas, only the drift is not towards Unitarianism, nor rather towards Universalism. The unreasonable dogmas of Orthodoxy, *dixit* Calvinism, excite a spirit of rebellion and antagonism in all thinking minds. It helps the matter little to smooth things over as the first National Congregational Council did at its meeting in Boston some fifteen years ago, when, instead of saying in a straightforward way that they believed or did not believe the Westminster Catechism and the Saybrook platform, they took them for "substance of doctrine"—which was nothing more or less than a convenient way of escaping from a disagreeable predicament.

The fact must pretty soon become apparent that Orthodoxy will have to give up Calvinism, with all its narrowness and incongruity, or it will disintegrate at a rate so rapid that living men will see the last of it. When it comes to pass that a man who does not hold evangelical views in regard to the Atonement, the inspiration of the Word of God, and the retributions of the wicked, comes very near being made a professor at Andover, and is finally settled over a large and influential church at New Haven with only one dissenting vote out of thirty-two cast, and when Methodist preachers are employed as pastors and installed over Orthodox churches, while they boast that they sacrifice no doctrine they have held as Methodists, and boldly refuse to accept any of the distinctive doctrines of Orthodoxy, it must be apparent to the thoughtful leaders of Orthodoxy that the foundations are rapidly crumbling away, and that the time is near at hand when all that is left will be the memory of the past.

It is too late in the history of the world to undertake to defend the dogmas of Calvinism; they deserve neither defense nor apology; they have dishonored God and His Gospel from the very first; they have been an immeasurable hindrance to the triumphs of Christianity, and the sooner they are buried in the grave of oblivion the better for all concerned. Mr. Cook's blunder is remarkable and inexcusable, and the only thing he can now do to atone for it is to state from the platform of Tremont Temple that it is not from the principles he set forth as constituting Orthodoxy that the "new departure" is being taken, but from the soul-freezing and God-dishonoring dogmas of Calvinism; and that the cure for the "new departure" is to be found in the hearty acceptance and faithful proclamation of Wesleyan Bible doctrines, which he set forth for Orthodoxy.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.
"How did you like the sermon?" inquired Bro. A. of Bro. B.
"I enjoyed it very much, very much," responded Bro. B. "What did you think of it?"
"I was delighted, very much delighted."
"What a fine voice he has, and how well he manages it!"
These, with many like complimentary expressions, I heard as we were leaving Metropolitan M. E. Church after the forenoon service on the first Sabbath of the New Year. The preacher was Rev. M. W. Prince, principal of the Eastern Maine Conference Seminary, formerly of the New Hampshire Conference. The good words were well deserved.

Bro. Prince took for his text Matt. 19:20, last clause. Complete renunciation of self, and complete consecration to Christ, were the two propositions of the discourse especially prominent; everything else was made to converge to their elucidation. The subject is a trite one, but under the skillful handling of Bro. P., it was rich and fresh. The sermon was full of vigorous thought, beautifully illustrated and full of the blessed unction of the Holy One. Bro. P. had his manuscript before him, but it did not stand as a wall between him and the people. There are few men who can preach the Gospel through a manuscript. Dr. Chalmers could, Dr. Townsend can, and in this respect our brother closely resembled these masters of pulpit oratory. We sincerely congratulate our friends in Eastern Maine on having such a principal in the Seminary. The school should be overflowing with students.

The Metropolitan M. E. Church in this city is one of the finest church edifices in Washington, and one of the finest in the connection. It has a seating capacity of from twelve to fourteen hundred, and is under the pastoral charge of Rev. R. Baer, of the Baltimore Conference. Bro. B. is a most agreeable gentleman and a fine preacher. He has accomplished the great work of removing a heavy debt that had well-nigh proved the ruin of the church. It is especially the church of the strangers. All who come are sure to find a cordial welcome.

I went to the McKendree Chapel, Dec. 24, and listened to an excellent sermon by Bishop Andrews. McKendree has a seating capacity of about seven hundred. Rev. C. H. Richardson is pastor. I went early enough to attend Sabbath-school. The Sunday-schools of the city begin at 9 A. M., and continue in session till the preaching hour at eleven. I had a very cordial welcome by the venerable superintendent, now in his seventy-eighth year, J. C. Harkness, esq., one of the wealthiest members of our church in Washington. For thirty-six years Bro. H. had been superintendent of this school.

"They keep me here, too," he said, "against my wish. I tell them, year after year, that they should appoint a younger man. I am only a figure-head for them, and the young men ought to have a chance."

Bro. Harkness, I learned, is as efficient as he is modest, and very popular with his school. When the Sabbath-school closed, I was invited to a seat in his pew. Bro. Richardson gave us a richly evangelical sermon from 1 Cor. 1:30. Turn, good reader, and read the text and ponder it well. To all who delight in it, a mine of gold is poured when compared with it. The whole congregation sang heartily, led by a good choir. At prayer well nigh the whole congregation knelt. I was seated with my head bowed. I looked around me, and found myself almost alone in this position. The next time I go to that church I shall kneel.

The good superintendent gave me a warm invitation to go home and dine with him. Had I been some great person, as a judge, a general, or a member of Congress, I should have received the invitation as a matter of course; but I, a plain man, and very obscure at that, to be invited by a perfect stranger to dine with him! I was welcomed to the home of Bro. Harkness by his excellent wife. Around the well-furnished board were gathered the daughters, the sons-in-law and grandchildren, and the stranger was made to feel perfectly at home among them. Bro. H. entertained me with many pleasant incidents of early Methodism. Said he: "I very well remember when Dr. Durbin first came to our city, and how he looked when he passed up the aisle behind our pastor, who was one of the leading preachers of the time. Durbin had just come from his home, dressed in a suit of Kentucky jean. The people looked surprised that our preacher should put forward such a queer looking young man to preach, as the occasion was one of importance. When he read his hymn in his drawing way they were still more surprised, and when he was praying many left the church. Well, he began to preach, and we all felt we had heard enough, but we were soon relieved. Durbin preached on, and such a sermon I never shall forget. We don't have such rousing preaching now-a-days." I left this Christian home with the most agreeable impressions.

I might write, Mr. Editor, about the secular affairs of this great city, but of these you hear much through the daily papers. Thus far I am very agreeably impressed with the intelligence, the piety and the activity of the general church of Christ in this city. W.

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WE TWO LOOK AT IT.

A sharp ring of the door-bell! I am glad of it, for it is the mail carrier's ring. I am sure, and I rush through the hall to meet him and then back to my easy-chair to read the latest church news. How pleased I am to see the old HERALD—what is this thing? Wife, isn't this Wednesday? Well, I thought so; but instead of the HERALD, I've got a fresh-laid literary egg. I suppose they are advertising. I put on my glasses. Why, no, it isn't a new New Yorker—it is, or ought to be, the old HERALD! Just come here and see it, my dear! Ha! ha! Come quick! Why, as the boys say, they have "put a head on it!" What's that you say? "Don't see the need of the change?" Well, love, we are getting a little old, and don't care for change as we once did; but the world must move on. Still, I liked the old head-line. I know some people said they mistook the picture for a view of Boston, and dubbed it a Boston notion; but they were people who can hardly tell Jerusalem from Jersey City. I've looked on that picture a hundred times with tearful eyes. Well, well, but I did hope it might stay on the brave brow of our old friend until the heavenly Jerusalem comes down upon earth! I've a good mind to write. "I am a country parson, and they won't care a straw what I think!" My paragon of virtue, do you think it is fair to twit me with being one of the little ones of the Conference?

Pull up your chair, and let us look at this nineteenth century mystery. It is a big one, any how, isn't it? The HERALD is a big paper, and runs a tremendous big church, and should have a big heading. What? "It has got it this time?" Of course it has. But keep quiet, my lady, if you can, while we observe. Now, that first letter (it is the last in the alphabet, and according to the Book, ought to come first), don't it a nice one? Yes, it does seem to lean too much for a radical temperance paper; but then, my dear, perhaps it leans the right way. I am not quite so clear about the panel—if that is what it is—that it leans against. So fresh an young a letter ought not to be tired. "What is that sticking up at the top?" Why, sharp eyes, that is a part of the panel. You thought it something else. Well, perhaps it is. Come to look again, it appears a little like a mitre, don't it? Then it is all right, for it is a Methodist Episcopal paper. Look at the next

letters. They don't lean much. "Methodist things, if they get crooked, straighten up pretty quick?" Right as a top. "But they are climbing?" Yes; don't you remember what some Methodists used to sing at camp-meetings,—

"I'm climbing up Zion's hill?" "What is that they are climbing on?" Oh, no, it isn't a bean-pole, for bean-poles are not apt to have leaves. "Perhaps it is an olive branch." But, wife, what is that underneath? What? "A Bible!" Your glasses magnify more than mine. Lend them to me. Whew! whoever saw a Bible look like that? "Revised version?" Yes; I should think so with a vengeance. Now I will write to the Doctor and tell him it won't do. Ha! ha! Well, if they hadn't printed "Holy Bible" across it, no living creature would have ever guessed what they meant it for. Look sharp, pet, and tell me what that is under the book. A sermon! Then they go in for written sermons. Whom is the sermon by? Don't say? Well, may be that is one of the sermons that two men can claim.

We will move on. Now, I really like that last word. The "Herald" is clear and bold. "Something is dropping from the letters?" Yes, perhaps those marks represent the droppings of wisdom. "Rather small?" Of course; but it is best to be modest, you know. "No period at the end?" Well, why should there be? Who wants the old HERALD to come to a full stop? On the whole, my dear, if they would not keep the old heading and must have a new one, if they had left out that book and that cross between a grapevine and a moose-wood bough, and had made the letters in "Zion's" of the same pattern and on the same line as those in "Herald," I should have been satisfied with it; and I shall write to the Doctor and tell him so. What do you say? "You guess the heading will be all right if he keeps his head?" That is true, and I'll tell him you said that. J. O. K.

N. E. Methodist Historical Society.

The annual meeting was held in Wesleyan Hall, Jan. 15, at 10.30 A. M. The annual reports of the directors and officers were presented, each showing a very considerable service and much progress in their departments. That of the directors was presented by the recording secretary. It contains suggestions for greater system in gathering materials, and urged the necessity of a fund of at least \$10,000, the income of which could be devoted to the work of the Society.

The report of the treasurer showed the receipts for the year were \$315.32 and expenditures \$273. The librarian reported donations to the library of 430 volumes and 239 pamphlets, making a total of 860 volumes and 4,681 pamphlets in the library. This more than doubles its previous donations. The corresponding secretary reported an increase of resident members of 56, making in all 224 resident members, and of corresponding members 16, making in all 58—a grand total of 285. Seven deaths were reported during the year, of six of whom faithful memorial papers have been prepared by the historiographer, Dr. Dorchester. Seven very interesting papers and one special address have been read and delivered during the year, awakening much interest, as well as gathering very important matter for future use. The annual address, by Rev. Elijah Horr, of Chelsea, was delivered in the evening before the Social Union, and was an able paper on "The Outlook and the Duty."

The following were chosen officers for the ensuing year: President, Hon. William Claflin, LL. D.; vice-presidents, Rev. S. Allen, D. D., of Maine, H. W. Gilman, of New Hampshire, P. Dillingham, of Vermont, Rev. L. R. Thayer, D. D., of Massachusetts, W. A. Wardwell, of Rhode Island, Rev. W. T. Hill, of Connecticut; honorary vice-presidents, Revs. G. M. Buckley, of New York, L. C. Matlack, D. D., of Delaware, I. P. Cook, D. D., of Maryland, Hon. Thomas L. Tullock, of District of Columbia, Revs. C. H. Payne, LL. D., of Ohio, Luther Lee, D. D., of Michigan, Bishop J. F. Hurst, LL. D., of Iowa, J. Cummings, LL. D., of Illinois, D. Wise, D. D., of New Jersey, O. P. Fitzgerald, D. D., of Tennessee, W. P. Bennett, D. D., of Virginia, A. G. Haygood, D. D., of Georgia, Hon. F. W. Pitkin, of Colorado; corresponding secretary, Rev. R. W. Allen, of Malden, Mass.; recording secretary, Rev. Geo. Whitaker, of Somerville, Mass.; librarian and treasurer, Willard S. Allen, of East Boston, Mass.; historiographer, Rev. D. Dorchester, of Natick, Mass.

The usual board of directors and standing committees were also elected, and provision made to secure, if possible, a large number of life memberships by the payment of \$50 each, and to print and send each member a copy of the annual proceedings. The prosperity and future growth of the society is well assured.

GEORGE WHITAKER, Rec. Sec'y.

Our Book Table.

LEADING MEN OF JAPAN; with a Historical Summary of the Empire, by Chas. Lammam. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$2.00. Mr. Lammam held an official position in Japan, and was a resident for several years in the Empire. He became personally acquainted with its chief men, and with the incidents, from their lips, of the wonderful revolution, and civil, social and intellectual *renaissance* which have occurred in the last twenty years. Mr. Lammam gives well-drawn sketches, really involving the modern history of this island empire, of the most noted statesmen, authors and scholars of the period. He gives, in the second part of the book, a connected history of Japan and its dependencies, and an interesting chapter upon Corea. At this hour every country is so full of interest in the very interesting Empire of Japan, and its intelligent and enterprising citizens. Mr. Lammam's statements may be received without hesitation, as his long and careful study and observation amply fitted him for his work.

THE GREATER POEMS OF VIRGIL. Vol. I. The Pastoral Poems and Six Books of the *Æneid*. Edited by J. B. Greenough. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. Stout 12mo. The present text-book leaves nothing to be desired in its compilation, annotation, illustration, its mechanical execution and purity of text. It has a full vocabulary, an ample body of critical and explanatory notes, with pictorial illustrations. The second volume will contain the last six books of the *Æneid* and the *Georgics*. We commend this fine edition to the great Roman poet to our seminary instructors and to the principals of our high schools.

A. C. Armstrong & Son publish THREE HUNDRED OUTLINES OF SERMONS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT, as the first volume in a series to be called "The Clerical Library." 8vo. \$1.50. This is to be followed with a volume of "Skeletons upon the Old Testament," and a third of "Sermons for Children," with illustrative anecdotes. These volumes may be made use of as a ready help in preparing sermons, or as a storehouse of topics; they may be abused by inducing an indolent reliance upon them. That subject will be most impressively presented to an audience which is born out of the thought and study of the preacher. Sometimes, however, such collections are aid in suggesting topics, and start the mind upon a train of original thought. These are the outlines of the real sermon, by leading preachers of the day, and in simply dry bones made to order.

INTRODUCTION TO CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY, comprising (1) A General Introduction, and (2) The Special Introduction; or, The Prolegomena of Systematic Theology, by Henry B. Smith, D. D., LL. D. Edited by William S. Karr, D. D. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 12mo. \$1.66. The first three chapters form a very interesting and impressive introduction to the general study of theology. Dr. Smith was an Augustinian Calvinist, but sought to save the views of the divine sovereignty of that school, with the tender and infinite grace of John Calvin. His syllabus of lectures upon the system of theology, its ideas, subsidiary and authoritative sources, will be studied with interest and profit by teachers and scholars in this sacred science. Never was a teacher of it more warmly loved by his pupils, or with better reason. These posthumous works will find ready and appreciative readers. These outline volumes, two of which have now been issued, will prove a great help in this more elaborate work upon "Systematic Theology."

Charles Scribner's Sons issue the eleventh volume in their "Campaigns of the Civil War." This book gives a full and interesting outline of THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PENINSULAR VALLEY, 1862. The monthly series of lectures at this time was commanded by Major-General Philip H. Sheridan. When he left it, having illustrated his sound military judgment and remarkable tactical skill, he was one of the most popular heroes of the war, and the Confederate power in the valley was wholly broken up. This volume is not written by an eye-witness, but is compiled from the official documents in possession of the government, and is therefore in vividness of description, and probably gains in the breadth and correctness of its statements, on this account. This portable and critical edition of the great movements of the late civil war, gathered from the most authentic sources, which time and numerous witnesses have effected, will be likely to stand as the accepted history of that memorable struggle. For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall. \$1.00.

From the same house we have in brown rough mount, paper covers, quaint and attractive, SOCRATES; A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and Parts of the Phædo of Plato. Prof. Goodwin, of Harvard, has written a short and suggestive introduction to the study of Plato, as well as his suggestion that this version was made, he thinking wisely that many not familiar with the Greek tongue, or unable to cope, for lack of time, with the complete translations of E. V. Rieu, would find it profitable to read these selections which best present the character and moral position of Socrates, with the speculations of Plato himself upon the sublimity of them. This handy and cheap little manual will be heartily appreciated by thoughtful readers. Price 50 cents.

The same publishers issue the second of the philosophical series of tracts, the publication of which they have commenced. This is entitled EXERCISE; Efficient and Final Cause, by James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., D. C. It contains his treatise on "Physical Causation," "Psychical Causation," "Causation Subjective," "Various Sorts of Causes," and "Final Cause." These topics are discussed in the clear and logical style of the learned president of Princeton. Price, in paper, 50 cents.

Prof. L. T. Townsend, of the Theological School of Boston University, issues another of his popular volumes upon theological questions under immediate discussion. He gives, to his last work, the title of BIBLE THOUGHT AND MODERN THOUGHT—a favorite theme in his late lectures before great religious conventions, and one in the discussion of which he has never failed of awakening great popular interest. His style is an unusual and flowing style, rendering his work interesting and instructive to lay as well as professional readers. Commencing with the rudimentary thought that something outside of, and about the Christian religion, is needed, he shows that this something is *Some One*, that there is a Tri-personality in Unity, that He embodies goodness and severity, that an Atonement to reconcile man to His Father is needed, and that with an extended discussion of miracles. The Doctor fortifies his statements by nearly a hundred pages of supplemental notes. One great deficiency of the book is the lack of an index, especially if it is to be of use to the general reader. It will doubtless be supplied in the next edition. In the course of his discussion the author meets the chief objections of the hour to revealed religion and its divine authority, and shows the inspiration of the Scriptures, and shows the harmonies between true science, philosophy, the nature of man, and the Word of God. The hearty conviction of the writer of the substantial foundation of his argument, the wide scope and pertinence of his illustrations, and the fervor of his style, render this, like all his writings, an attractive as well as convincing treatise. The book is published by James P. Magee, 38 Broad Street.

THE CHURCH LECTURE, a new volume published by Phillips & Hunt, New York, and Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati and Chicago, by Rev. T. B. Neely, of the Philadelphia Conference, deserves the immediate and most careful attention of every pastor in Methodism. The book is exhaustive. It discusses the historical development of the Lecture idea in the M. E. Church, and presents a variety of methods by which the Lecture may be made a success. Every pastor in the church, and every Sunday-school superintendent, should have a copy immediately. Now that the season of revival is upon us, which is to be followed by months of precious opportunity in the direction and education of young converts, we should give special attention to the wisest methods of instruction, and the best use of the disciples committed to our keeping as ministers of Jesus Christ. J. H. VINOENT.

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(ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.)

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1883.

The hope of immortality pervades our entire human life. Next to the idea of God, it is the greatest, the most elevating, the most inspiring idea of which we are capable. Only think of the conscious darkness, and loss, and degradation that would befall human life were the great hope of immortality lost to it! Is it any wonder that instinctively, as we recoil from a traitor, an assassin, a desecrator of a mother's grave, we shrink from the man who not only gratuitously, but eagerly, vauntingly, scoffingly, thrusts at you his shocking demonstration that man is no more than the brute that perishes?

A Christian is commanded to be as a little child, as a soldier, as a dove, as a serpent, as a hero standing fearless in the fires of persecution. These are paradoxes; nevertheless they are embodied in the life of every true disciple who is humble, teachable, and simple as a child, meek and quiet as a dove, wise as a serpent, not in worldly but heavenly wisdom, and bold as a warrior in fighting his God's battles. It is this blending of seemingly opposite qualities which entitles every true Christian to be called by "the grand old name of gentleman." As Dr. Dyke observes: "Every Christian should be, potentially, at least, a gentleman." May we not truthfully add, he will be one actually if he robes himself in all the virtues of his vocation?

"A young gentleman of sincere character," writes Dr. Deems, "a member of the church of which I am pastor, stated in my hearing that to the best of his knowledge not a drop of any sort of intoxicating liquids had ever passed his lips." He has, therefore, the Doctor goes on to say, no temptation to drink from either a strong habit, or a love for the taste of strong drinks; yet he maintains a daily warfare with the appetite. He never passes a saloon without a strong temptation to enter. He has to rein himself up, and draw himself away, not to enter and take his first drink. Nor is this simply an occasional or spasmodic feeling; it is the one regular daily conflict of his life. How is this strange, terrible, almost overwhelming appetite to be accounted for? On conversing with the young man, it came out that his great-grandfather was a habitual drunkard!

At Derby and Lystra, Paul seems to have gained a convert unawares. His words and his sufferings had upon young Timothy, but Paul felt the scent of his misdeeds and stoning and apparent death without hearing or knowing his convert. "And, behold!" (Acts 16: 1), returning long after, he found the lad at work in the Gospel, evangelizing the region around Lystra and Derby. Rev. M. C. Harris was preaching in a village of Japan. A bright young man came in "for fun." He remained to pray, was converted and baptized, and returned to Sapporo, his own home. Here, where Christ had not been named, he first brought to his Saviour his own brother, then his father, a "moralist," strong in Buddhist maxims. This last year his little society of ten laboring men have given \$350 for Gospel purposes; they have held meetings after their day's labor and on Sundays, and they are affecting the region in a radius of several miles of their village. Young Chu Mura, at Sapporo, is thus repeating the history of young Timothy at Lystra, and a letter just received from him tells of a heart running over with zeal and gladness. Is not our religion, like "the earth's unwithering conitenance," "as fresh as on creation's day?"

The Christian Church was born in a baptism of fire. From Pentecost until now its life has been preserved, enlarged, made mightier by streams of living power flowing occasionally in unusual force from the fountain of infinite grace. Modern Methodism owes its very being to such a special display of supernatural influence. The old Covenant spirit in Scotland was sustained by such occasional revivals, one of which took place in Clydevale some two hundred and fifty years ago. It began on a communion Sabbath. A very deep devotional feeling was be-

gotten during the celebration of the Holy Sacrament. The next day many devout persons requested a young preacher named Livingstone to preach. Very reluctantly the modest young man consented. Toward the close of his sermon an unwonted measure of spiritual power moved both preacher and people. Christians wept and many of them received large increase of spirituality. Indifferent minds were roused to feeling. Hardened, stubborn sinners were bowed down, and says Fleming, a writer of that day, "It was known that nearly five hundred had at that time a discernible change wrought in them, of whom most proved lively Christians afterwards. It was the sowing of a seed through Clydevale, so that many of the most eminent Christians of that country could date either their conversion or some remarkable confirmation of their case from that day." O blessed work of the Holy Spirit! Happily our Church is familiar with such fruitful seasons of divine visitation. But to secure their repetition she needs to cry humbly, penitentially, unceasingly, believingly, "O Lord, revive Thy work!"

THE CASTE QUESTION.

Nothing is settled until it is settled right. It seems impossible to close the discussion upon the embarrassing question relating to our educational and ecclesiastical interests among the white and colored people of the South. Some of our exchanges from the Methodist Church South are glowing, and not without reason, in the perplexities exhibited by some of the leaders in our Israel, and the yielding on their part, in the present exigencies of the Church, of a great principle for which they have heretofore earnestly contended. "We told you so," they are quite inclined to say. "When you come personally to try the experiment, you are forced to take our platform. You cannot unite together what God has providentially divided. The principle may seem all right to you, but when you come to the living facts, you find yourselves obliged to yield to the inevitable."

It is very easy to admit nearly all the premises urged by those members of our Church at the South who plead the expediency of absolutely separate houses of worship and schools for the white and colored population, and still find ourselves unable to accept their inferences from them. There is no question but that the two races have drawn farther apart since the era of emancipation. White men, who had no instinctive shrinking from black servants and nurses, and even from nearer and less honorable relations, revolt from acknowledging, in any form, a social equality. For this same reason the black man, without doubt, prefers to find companionship with his own social level. The impression at the South, and to some degree at the North, doubtless is, that this condition of things must always continue; that the breach will grow wider and wider and the lines of division more pronounced. Every day, however, colored men are coming forward who, by their superior abilities, their excellent scholarship, and their manly characters, are commanding and receiving respect from their white fellow-citizens and are raised to responsible civil positions. They are holding, and will continue to hold in increasing numbers, offices in the Federal government and high positions in State. The effect of this will be slowly manifested, but it will be certainly, as imperceptibly, tend to bridge the chasm between the two races. This is not the work of a day or of a year. God's mills grind slowly, but surely.

But it is out of the question now, it is said, evidently with not a little truth, to hope to gather the two colors into the same churches or schools of learning. It is unhesitatingly affirmed that it cannot be done. We are assured that the attempt to enforce such a policy has already cost the Methodist Episcopal Church several large white congregations in important Southern cities; that white parents will not send their children to institutions which admit colored pupils; that our large, and very important and promising, work at the South would have been periled, if not rendered utterly hopeless, had our Conferences and colleges not been divided upon the color line, and that this division occurred none too soon. Admitting this to be true, which we sincerely doubt; acknowledging the superior wisdom, or shrewdness, of those who have had personal experience in these matters upon the ground; and humbly accepting, for the argument's sake, the intimation that we know nothing clearly about the facts, and can form no practical judgment as to what is an encouraging result—then what? Here we separate, by the whole distance of opposite poles, in the inference which we draw from these premises. The condition of things is not such as to require us (or to

justify us in doing so) to sacrifice a principle in order to secure success in an apparently good undertaking. We have no difficulty in reaching the colored people and gathering them into churches, or collecting them in our seminaries, while, excepting in a few States, like Tennessee, Kentucky and portions of Texas, we have met with comparatively little success in gathering purely white churches. If these churches do not exist, as excellent and loyal as may be their membership, the people would not be left without religious instruction. It is infinitely more important that our Church should, nobly and always, stand up for a great Christian principle, and practically bear, without reproach, its testimony to a golden truth, than that it should gather thousands into its ranks at the expense of its own consistency. The few feeble white churches at the South, bearing our name, nourishing this unchristian spirit, closing their doors upon their own fellow-members of another hue, aiding in building up this line of distinction which the providence of God is casting down, do us essential harm without bringing to the work of evangelization any adequate return. The withdrawal of the white members of Conferences from their sable brethren is a serious loss to the latter. They need the culture and support of their better educated colleagues. Who would think of withdrawing the white members of the India and Chinese Conferences from their brown and olive brethren who have come later into the ministerial ranks? It is infinitely better to go more slowly, to grow less rapidly, and to have a wholesome and healthy increase.

The more serious danger is, not that we shall lose our white Southern membership, but that our colored brethren, who do not lack a clear apprehension of the drift of things, will be disposed, not only to have separate Conferences, but to separate ecclesiastical government. Thoughtful brethren at the South already see this tendency developing itself.

Our stalwart Dr. Curry surprises himself in attempting to sit a little while on the safety-valve over this explosive question, and to convince himself that there is no escape from it, no serious danger in it, and so it must be endured. He thinks the same spirit exists at the North—that our churches would not enjoy a colored invasion. Perhaps not; but there is not one that would dare post a bulletin at its door forbidding the entrance of colored people, or announce such an order from the pulpit, or even invite them, as it has been done in our white Southern churches, to go from the body of the house to the gallery.

We do not seek the compulsory gathering of diverse people. Like naturally consorts with its own. At the South, as at the North, different classes will probably always flow toward each other. It is the ostracism, the exclusion, the announced and pronounced unwillingness to recognize an equal social status in a certain class, against which we protest. Our churches, our schools, and our professions at the North, all accept on an equal platform persons of every nation and color. We fought through one terrible struggle in the Church, at the cost of one-half our membership, on a parallel line to this; how can we, with our eyes open, run into most unnecessary manner, run into another? There are two or three of our schools at the South that may, for the present, be seriously embarrassed by this question—more through their own fears, we are inclined to believe, than the actual facts in the case justify—but our great and chief mission, one that fell providentially into our hands, one for which we had been prepared by long and peculiar discipline, demands of us a consistent, earnest and fraternal acceptance of the great truth, that One is our Father and all we are brethren; that we have but one Saviour, one altar, and one heaven.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The sixty-fifth volume opens with a paper by Dr. J. E. Latimer, of Boston University, on Duns Scotus, the least known of great lights of the Middle Ages, greater as a philosopher than as a theologian. In reviewing the writings of Scotus, Dr. Latimer shows great breadth of reading in philosophy and a keen insight into those subtle questions which lie in the border-land between theology and philosophy, such as matter, form, substance, cause, freedom, knowledge and person. Scotus died at Cologne, at the early age of thirty-four, leaving twelve folio volumes as witnesses of a marvelous mental activity and an unprecedented industry. His writings are original and full of the

seeds of the future harmony of reason and faith. The Dean of the Theological School of Boston University should more frequently take the bushel off his candle and set the latter on the candlestick of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

"Methodist Doctrinal Standards" is the subject of a very timely and lucid discussion by Rev. R. Wheatley. Against all who limit our doctrinal standards to the twenty-five Articles of Religion in the Discipline, the reviewer argues that Wesley's Notes on the New Testament and the fifty-eight sermons contained in Vol. I of the American edition, are still standards of doctrine, adopted before the Articles, and never repealed. He shows that the following important, and some of them distinctive, tenets of American Methodism are not contained in the Articles—prevenient grace, or the universal gracious ability to live up to the light of one's dispensation and attain eternal life; assurance, or the direct witness of the Spirit, which we have always emphasized; Christian perfection, the peculiar doctrine committed to Methodism to be preached "constantly, strongly and explicitly;" and the eternal punishment of impenitent sinners, a cardinal tenet always held by Methodism in common with all evangelical churches.

Dr. Henry J. Fox contributes an interesting article on Shakespeare's writings and editors—a theme on which he can speak with confidence from his life-long familiarity with the bard of Avon both as a student and a college professor of English Literature. He thinks that the great poet was largely endowed with religious sentiment, and had a fine appreciation of the literary beauties of the Bible, but that this does not prove him to have been a pious man, or a religionist in any sense. The student of moral science will find in some of his plays most life-like and vivid illustrations of the power of conscience. He prefers our American Rolfe's edition of single plays for people not millionaires.

Rev. B. H. Badley, of Lucknow, India, by his paper on "Persian Poetry," verifies the assertion that our missionaries are among the foremost contributors to literature and the modern sciences. How obstructive of the Gospel do our street preachers in India often find such words on the lips of their hearers as this verse of Saadi: "A lie purporting good is better than a truth exciting disturbance!" From this immoral specimen, with hints of coarseness and impurities unquotable in these egotistical and dreamy poets of the Orient, we infer that the western world suffers no loss by remaining in ignorance of them. In their poems is no unity, but a ringing of changes on the principal poetic ideas of the Persians—roses, nightingales, wine, and women with black moles on their cheeks. The grandeur of Milton and Shakespeare in contrast with the puerilities of Hafiz and Saadi, show the infinite superiority of Jesus to Mahomet.

"The Life and Labors of Dr. Egerton Ryerson," whose portrait adorns this number of the *Quarterly*, are sketched by Rev. E. Barrass. Dr. Ryerson, who died recently in Toronto, Canada, aged seventy-nine, was one of the most distinguished men which Canadian Methodism has produced. He was one of six brothers, five of whom were Methodist preachers, several being eminent as orators. He was the champion of civil and religious liberty for Methodists against the exclusive claims of the Church of England, and the founder of their system of secondary schools and the president of their first University, and for thirty-two years was the chief superintendent of the public schools of Ontario. He was the author of sixty different volumes and pamphlets. The greatness of his influence may be inferred from the fact that Lord Lorne, the Governor-General, spent an hour in his sick-room, and the chief officers of the government and all the members of the House of Assembly attended his funeral.

Rev. J. N. Fradenburg gathers from the many reports of the recent discoveries in the valley of the Euphrates, "The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria." The enterprise and scholarship of the nineteenth century have discovered and translated a literature nearly four thousand years old, giving to us a clear idea of the daily life of people who were contemporary with Noah. Their religion, though monotheistic originally, was largely polytheistic, sorcery and demonology. Yet so early are these idolaters, that woman has not suffered degradation. The mother is styled the "deity of the house," while the father is only the "maker of the nest." There are positive testimonies to the existence of the week of seven days, and the Sabbath, "the day of rest for the heart." It seems odd, indeed, to find,

in a list of several hundred gods of the Assyrian pantheon, the names El and Yav (Jehovah), two names of the God of the Hebrews. In a second paper the Assyrian religions will be compared with the Hebrew.

The "Present State of Protestant Theology" is discussed by Rev. Dr. H. Liebhart. Beginning with the Reformation, he takes a brief historical review of the outworking of the two tendencies discoverable in Luther's day, the one resulting in a dry, lifeless orthodoxy, and the other in the barren negations of rationalism. Then Spener, Zinzendorf, and Wesley were raised up to purify and vitalize this corrupt theology and to show that a true theology must embrace the right way of living as well as correct thinking. The presence of the vital, experimental and practical elements in modern Protestant theology is due to Methodism more than to any other evangelical movement.

In his "Synopsis of the Quarterly" Dr. Whedon shows that the author of "Ecce Homo" has, in seventeen years, receded to blank atheism under the thin disguise of nature-worship.

In a critical review of the "Life of Bishop James O. Andrew" the editor pays a touching tribute to the man who was once the wedge which divided the greatest non-state church on earth.

Now is the time for all our preachers and progressive laymen to subscribe.

BRIEF MENTION.

We trust no one of our educated girls will fail to read the short and touching story on our family page by Miss Myra A. Goodwin.

The New York publishers, A. D. F. Randolph & Co., have in press a fresh biography of the great Baptist missionary, Adoniram Judson, and record of his work in the Burman Empire, by his son, Rev. Edward Judson. It will contain much that has heretofore been unpublished.

The very suggestive paper of Nathan Allen, M. D., LL. D., published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, November, 1882, on "The Law of Human Increase," has been issued in a separate pamphlet. The Doctor has made the subject a special study, and pleads, as many times before, for a better physical training and development of the mothers of New England. No Hebrew prophet was ever more earnest or faithful than Dr. Allen to his fellow-citizens in this matter.

S. C. Griggs & Co. publish, in a neat pamphlet, "The Eclectic Short-Hand Primer; Four Lessons Introductory to 'Eclectic Short Hand' by J. Geo. Smith, M. A. We cannot speak of it as an expert. Would that we could! The system is endorsed in remarkably warm terms by those who have tried it, as briefer, clearer, and more readily learned than others. It is certainly worth trying. We advise every young reader to acquire this very useful art.

We see that Prof. C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, is down for a lecture in the Adelphi Academy course, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 15th of February. His subject is, "An Old Castle." It is safe to say there will be no brighter, fresher, or more instructive and interesting discourse delivered in the course than that of the accomplished belle-lettres professor.

Messrs. Watson Bros., Philadelphia, publish, in a very handy form, for which they have asked a patent, a folded or wall map of Egypt and the adjacent countries. Arranged to be used in either form, by Geo. May Furell. Much ingenuity is shown in its construction, and many geographical, political and social facts are embodied in the chart. It affords an interesting study. The work is distributed by agents.

Joseph Cook's famous "prelude" on a second probation has introduced a new phrase. The lecturer's brand-new theory of an effectual probation between the cessation of breathing and the utter extinguishment of life, has occasioned the antithetical phrase, "died twice." Prof. Smith, of Andover, "probation after death," versus probation "after death." There is little to choose between the two, and no Scripture for either.

A few months before the death of the late great French artist and illustrator, Gustave Doré, he completed a series of illustrations of Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven." We can hardly think of a work better adapted to the special genius of Doré than the weird poem which formed one of the latest subjects of the painter's skill. These illustrations will be engraved and published by the Harpers with the text of "The Raven," as a companion volume for their sumptuous edition of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," illustrated by the same artist.

Joseph Cook gives the following testimonial to Dr. Dorchester's book on "Religious Progress":

"Your volume on religious progress made with me of the world from Milan eastward to Boston. I imported it when abroad. One of its diagrams illustrating the relative progress of Romanism and Protestantism in the United States I enlarged, and held it up before an audience almost under the shadow of the Vatican. I recommended it to my friends, and it has since been read by scores of times on the other side of the earth. Accept my sincere congratulations on its great merit and usefulness."

J. Fitzgerald, New York, publishes, in his Humboldt Library, No. 40, the "Scientific Evidence of Organic Evolution," by George J. Romanes, F. R. S. This is a popular presentation and illustration of the late Mr. Darwin's theory of the development of life and the origin of species. If one has not time to read his works and those of his disciples, he can form a pretty clear idea of his teachings and the reasons upon which they rest, from this condensed but carefully prepared essay. Price 15 cents.

The notice in the *Methodist Quarterly* for January of the volume of W. Robertson Smith on the "Prophecy of Isaiah," is the finest argument for simple statement and subtle argument that we have read for many a day. It is a rare specimen of Whedonism.

The committee of publication of the Associated Charities advise all persons approached by Eliza A. or Robert Ferdinand Thompson of East Cambridge, for aid, to inquire at the Charity Building, Boston, before making a contribution. The same advice is also given in reference to Thomas H. L. Payne, of South Boston. There are enough of the worthy on whom aid may be bestowed. The Society does a good work in exposing impostors.

Dr. Edward A. Whiston has a very interesting paper in the *New Jerusalem Magazine*, for January, on "The Relation of Spiritual Causes to the Production and Cure of Disease," from a Swedenborgian point of observation. Rev. John Worcester has an article on baptism, and Wm. H. Mayhew on "The Logical Connection of All Truth." A remarkable dream of Rev. John Hargrave is given, with other papers and a large amount of editorial miscellany.

From the National Bureau of Statistics we learn that during last year there were consumed, in the country, of distilled spirits, 70,607,081 gallons; of wine, 25,628,071 gallons; of malt liquors, the enormous amount of 527,051,236 gallons. The *Independent*, referring to the comparatively rapid annual advance in the consumption of alcoholic beverages, remarks that the increase of beer does not diminish the consumption of whiskey, and that it is "evident that this is a business that can afford to pay the present revenue tax."

This touching little note, enclosing \$2, comes to us from Turner's Falls, Mass., dated Jan. 19:—

"After our little Laura left us for the shining shore last November, when we began to rally from the blow, one day we counted the little savings of the darling which were originally intended to help make Christmas a happy season for us all. She loved Mrs. Dr. Butler, and had been deeply interested in her talks on missions at Hamilton Canada-meetings. We all add a little to her, and her memory we send it to you for Mrs. Butler, to help pay her passage to India, or for any other use she may elect. A. W. BAIRD."

The money will be handed to Mrs. Butler.

Mr. James W. Bean writes from Lunenburg, Ill., Jan. 16:—

"I have known Zion's Herald from childhood. In 1840, when my father's library consisted of a Bible, Discipline, hymn-book and Zion's Herald, he used to say, 'I cannot do without the Herald.' A varied experience with a good supply of readers has not rooted out my love for the Herald. There has been a Sunday-school teachers' meeting held weekly in our church, attended more or less by members of other churches, and it has fallen to me to teach much of the time. Though there are many helps at hand, the Sabbath-school prepared in Zion's Herald have been most satisfactory, and have aided in securing the best interest in the teachers' meeting and Bible class."

We are indebted to the venerable author for a copy of "Four Sermons," bound together, on special topics, by Rev. J. G. Warren, D. D., of Newton Centre. These themes, which are treated in a very impressive and eminently Scriptural manner, are: "Divine Appointment of Teachers," "The Fullness of Scripture Truth," "The New Man," and "Faith in Christ the Work of God." The Doctor has just passed his threescore years and ten "with mingled sentiments of 'wonder, love and praise.' His silver trumpet has no uncertain sound. It is like a fragrant breath from a favorite garden to read these precious truths presented in the old familiar form, in all the earnestness of a hearty conviction of their truth.

An English correspondent of the *Nation* writes an interesting letter from London, referring to the remarkable results which are attending the labors of the Salvation Army as exhibiting the real attitude of the English people towards the Christian religion. While the press and certain conspicuous leaders of thought are affirming that it has lost its hold upon the people, this uneducated body of earnest men and women are making self-sacrificing converts in the most remarkable manner. The argument is enforced by the more remarkable results of the preaching of Mr. Moody in Cambridge and Oxford, to which the writer does not allude. There is really no effective obstacle to the triumphs of the Gospel except the unbelief of its own disciples."

The *Daily Press*, of Albany, records the death of Benjamin Towne Leach, M. D., son of Rev. Dr. S. V. Leach, of the Grace M. E. Church of that city. He was an accomplished young physician, of great promise, thoroughly trained for his profession. He had commenced, very successfully, practice in Martinburg, Va. He became the victim of pulmonary disease, and came to his home in Albany to die. He was wonderfully sustained by his religious faith through all his physical sufferings. To die was gain to him, but it is a sad blow to an affectionate family circle. He was the subject of deep and sincere sympathy from many friends in Albany and in other places where the Doctor has been a beloved pastor.

Rev. Marshall W. Taylor, D. D., a cultivated Methodist Episcopal preacher of color, now residing in Cincinnati, has an extended and interesting article in the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* on the theme, "What I Know about a Color Line in the M. E. Church." Of this he happily knows little, personally, having been warmly received and respectfully treated in the best Northern and Western pulpits, and by some of the first families of the land. From his elevated position he is inclined to think that there is no color, but simply a character, line in the M. E. Church. Dr. D. Wheeler holds to the same view. We trust the outcome of the present discussion will be to secure such a result beyond question. We fear that, as yet, character is not entirely colorless; but we are much pleased with the manly and kindly article of Dr. Taylor.

We are glad to know that the expected visit of brave and eloquent ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, to our city is to be made the occasion of a notable reception. It will occur on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday. The great hall of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association will be the scene of the service. Leading men of the State, like ex-Gov. Long, Hon. R. B. Bishop, Lieut.-Gov. Ames, and others are to participate in the public exercises of the day. The governors of all the New England States by their suits have been invited. There will be a grand choral concert, with fifty musicians and a chorus of six hundred voices. The varied exercises will last throughout the day and evening. Ex-Gov. Long will make the address of welcome. All the temperance societies and associations of the State will unite on the occasion. Information will be given by the secretary, William H. Colcord, 338 Washington St.

There are thousands of Swedes living in this city. Most of them are young men and women, who have left their homes in the Old World to make our own country their new home. They are Protestants, and for the most part sober and intelligent. Our church during the past three years has been doing something to furnish these people with religious privileges. They seem to take to our

Methodist ways, and to enjoy our type of religious experience. At present the pastor is Rev. H. Olsen, English-speaking, of Boston. Bro. Olsen preaches every Sunday forenoon and evening at a hall, No. 10 Tremont Row, in this city. In the afternoon he preaches at the Harvard St. M. E. Church, vestry, Cambridgeport. He also holds a meeting each Wednesday evening (preaching or other service) at Concord, Mass., with various other services during the week. His congregations number from seventy to one hundred and twenty-five, with a steady increase in numbers and a growing interest. The church, which numbered about forty when he came, is now about eighty, with a good list of probationers. Sunday evening, Jan. 21, ten joined on probation, four by letter, and six rose for prayer, the hall being so crowded that they could not come forward. The present need is a more commodious place of worship and more sympathy and support for our English-speaking Methodist people in Boston. There is no church in the city or vicinity where more or better work is done with the means supplied than in our Swedish mission. It surely deserves the support and confidence of all our people.

Our short item, some weeks since, in reference to those who regret to lose the reading of our paper, but are not able to pay the subscription price, brought us this grateful and tender note, with addition to the one published a week since:—

"I get so much pleasure and help from the Herald, that your suggestion to me, I hope you will send to some who will enjoy it as much as I do. I suppose my gift cannot dream that some of my best preachers' thoughts are plagiarized (?) from its searching editorial bits."

This note contained \$10 for the purpose specified. In the same mail with it, in the case of the former note from Vermont, came several pathetic letters from subscribers—widows of ministers and others—who felt compelled, most reluctantly, to drop the paper through inability to pay its annual subscription. Happy were they made the next mail in receiving the assurance that the paper was paid for the year to come.

The next day after receiving the above, a lady brought in \$5, from an excellent aged sister, who wished to have her name cancelled, but who desired, also, to make other homes happy by the reading of their familiar and prized religious sheet. This money will go a great way, as the publisher charges only the cost of the paper in such instances. Since writing the above, a friend in New Bedford sends a letter enclosing \$50. It says that his "sympathies were awakened at the time of the proposed fund. Little signs, himself, 'One that is interested for those who are hanging for good reading'."

We record with sincere sorrow and deep sympathy for his bereaved wife, the quiet sudden death of Mr. Frank M. Townbridge, assistant treasurer of the City of Newton, and a much respected office-bearer in the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Newton charge. He was in the prime of his life, greatly respected for his many and Christian characteristics, and warmly beloved in the circle of his family and in his church relations. The editor of this paper, when a pastor twenty years ago in Watertown, united him in marriage to his now greatly afflicted widow. They were both, quite young, members of the church and Sabbath-school, and greatly esteemed. Mr. Townbridge's life has been a remarkably even and beautiful one. Quiet in disposition, faithful in every responsibility, fond of his church, commending the unqualified confidence of all connected with him in his important municipal office, the support and ornament of a loving family circle, his death, after a severe sickness of only a week, is almost an overwhelming blow. He was well prepared, however, for this sudden transition, and his bereaved wife and relatives have the support of the same sustaining characteristics, and warmly beloved in the circle of his family and in his church relations. The editor of this paper, when a pastor twenty years ago in Watertown, united him in marriage to his now greatly afflicted widow. They were both, quite young, members of the church and Sabbath-school, and greatly esteemed. Mr. Townbridge's life has been a remarkably even and beautiful one. Quiet in disposition, faithful in every responsibility, fond of his church, commending the unqualified confidence of all connected with him in his important municipal office, the support and ornament of a loving family circle, his death, after a severe sickness of only a week, is almost an overwhelming blow. He was well prepared, however, for this sudden transition, and his bereaved wife and relatives have the support of the same sustaining characteristics, and warmly beloved in the circle of his family and in his church relations.

How inexplicable our human life, save as interpreted by the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

Joseph Cook gave last Monday an interesting prelude upon Christian Missions, emphasizing particularly the economy of the American Board in conducting its work. He insisted that the church ought now to send a missionary to every \$5000 heathen, and to give \$1 to missions for every \$5 expended in the home work. His lecture was upon "Spiritism," recounting his visit to Prof. Zollner of Leipzig, and his (vice) Professor's disgust with the pretended revelation of an American spiritist to himself of a new Bible from the spirit world which he has published. We do not think these lectures on this theme will be as interesting, or as profitable to his audience, as upon modern religious questions or substantial philosophy.

We learn, with pain, of the severe sickness of the esteemed wife of Rev. J. W. Hamilton. For a long period she has been suffering from the over-exertion incident to her co-operation with her husband in the great burdens which he has carried in behalf of the People's Church. The tenderest sympathies of friends are awakened in her behalf, and for the heavily-laden husband also.

Just as we go to press, we learn of the death of the widow of the late Doctor S. King. She had reached the age of eighty-five, and has been feeble for a long period. She was an excellent Christian lady, who will be well remembered by many members of the church in this city.

Two full classes in dress-making under Miss Burbeck, of 6 Hamilton Place, Boston, and one in military under Mrs. Fowle, of 6 Winter St., Boston, are in operation at Leitch Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. The young women in these classes are a novel and very pleasant and promising sight in a girls' school.

M. E. S. S. SUPERINTENDENTS' UNION. The Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school Superintendents' Union held its regular monthly meeting Jan. 17, in the People's Church, at 177 North State St., and a profitable time. After the collection, a very interesting essay was read by Mr. S. L. Burr, of Egleston Square, upon the question, "Are Weekly Meetings for the Study of the Sabbath School Lesson Practical?" after which some remarks were made and suggestions offered looking towards increasing interest in our Sunday-school work. Our numbers are growing, and the interest in the increasing which the Union was formed in the work for the study of the Bible. The meeting of the Union are held the third Wednesday of each month in the People's Church. Any communication directed to Geo. E. Haven, Hyde Park, Box 118, will receive immediate attention. G. E. H.

CHURCH LITURGY.

The Board of Managers of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at their last meeting in New York, appointed Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, corresponding secretary of the Union. Our church, and all letters directed to him at 805 Broadway, N. Y., will be at once forwarded to him.

MASSACHUSETTS.

of flour and other groceries.

service was followed by the reception

The first meeting of the Methodist Social Union for 1883 was held in Providence, Jan. 19. The attendance was

strength and wholesomeness, more economic than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

ting machines ever invented, will knit a pair of stockings with LITTEL and TOE complete, in a minute. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Tremont Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.**

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1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

The Family.

THE BRIDE OF AZRAEL.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

Peacefully sleeping the young bride lay,
Daintily moulded the lifeless clay.
Above her beautiful brow of snow
Blossoms of grace their whiteness show.
About the pure, angelic face,
Of care and pain no single trace.
And crossed upon her placid breast
The little hands sweet rosy buds pressed.
Oh, she was wondrous fair to see—
It seemed as if it could not be.
That she was dead. Ah, dreadful day,
When her white spirit left its clay!
Upon her breast a floral cross,
Its meaning glad—her gain, our loss.
Above her feet, with silken shoes,
A wreath of beauty, mingling hues.
And thus she lay in flowerly state,
As loved ones lie at heaven's gate.
They said she sweetly smiled at last,
When agony and pain were past.
Within the soft cerulean eyes,
The language of the upper skies;
And though no word her lips unsealed,
That heavenly glance of love revealed
A life beyond the gates of death,
As with her faint, expiring breath
She softly smiled at last to rest,
Her head upon bright Azrael's breast.
Now the Good Shepherd gently leads
Her happy soul to fragrant meads;
And where perennial roses blow
Her shining feet in beauty go.
Beside the silver rippling stream
Her robes of light with glory gleam.
We know that thou art happy now,
Because upon thy peerless brow
There rests the halo of the blest,
The circle of the Heavenly Guest;
About thy lips the parting smile
With which thy spirit was erewhile
Released from earth and spread its wing,
Thou loveliest daughter of the King!
We may not mourn our dead in Christ,
Because beyond these clouds and mist
They live again, and we shall meet;
They walk with golden-sandaled feet;
Just out of sight they smiling wait
The opening of the pearl-clad gate.

"AND SO DID HIS DISCIPLES."

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

The evidence of Christianity is like a precious jewel, cut with a thousand facets, the light flashing its truth into my eyes from this side, into yours from that.
The Christ of this religion, at every call of distress, as when Jairus came with his heart-broken cry for help, "rose immediately and followed, and so did his disciples;" and ever after, this readiness to minister characterized the followers of Jesus, so that it has been in the sight of all men a distinguishing badge of discipleship, an evidence shining through all these centuries of the reality of Christ's religion. For you see it is only Christians who hold that their main business in life is to serve their Master by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, teaching the ignorant, and ministering to the needs of all. True, the annals of the heathen world show many an instance of devotion and self-sacrifice, but this is so exceptional that such lives are told as wonder-tales, and the actors are distinctly recognized as heroes. It is only in Christ's army that the rank and file are expected daily to lay down their lives, or their ease, or their ambitions, or their worldly possessions, in the service of the needy world.

Again, it is true that many in our own land, not calling themselves Christians, do all this "for humanity's sake;" but that it is a grace borrowed from Christianity is evident, for those old Greek and Roman and Egyptian civilizations bore no such fruit. Only that civilization which has been shown upon by the Sun of Righteousness blossoms into hospitals, and refuges, and homes for the infirm, and orphan asylums, and all those beautiful charities which today oppose themelves to poverty and misery and vice.

Nor is it so much these great charities that prove the vitality of Christ's life in the lives of His people. The man of science needs only to pull a clover stalk from the roadside, to show us the working of nature's marvelous laws of plant life; and the thousand little unselfishnesses which make up Christians' lives, prove unmistakably their apostolic succession.

"Old Tilly is sick and I must go and look after her," said Joseph to me, one rainy day last week, as a reason for being bonneted and cloaked at an unusual hour. And so she goes on the unaccustomed wet walk, taking her sweet, dainty womanhood into the old negro's cabin, toasts her bread, and feeds her with her pretty ringed hand, day after day. Nobody is surprised; of course she goes where people need help, for "so did his disciples."

When I was a child, in a Virginia home, a little negro girl living in the yard was so horribly burned, one day, that the doctor said she must die unless she could have incessant watching and attention. My pretty young aunt had the child's cot brought into her own cozy dressing-room, and for weeks and weeks nursed the poor little sufferer, dressing the sickening burns, and administering all the relief that could have been given to her own child. "What else could I do?" she said simply. Certainly, sweet young disciple, you could do no less, because the Master's example has so become the law of your life that you are constrained by it; almost it would seem that you have no choice left.

But while we pause in the gospel story of that day of miracles, when

Jesus "rose immediately and followed" (Jairus) and so did his disciples—pause to thank God that it is true of to-day's disciples—there is no solemn undertone of warning to us in the beautiful story? It is, then, a recognized badge of discipleship, this "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these," and are we sure that we wear it? Did we last week follow the Lord into any house of sorrow, in person or by letter? Did we relieve any pressing physical want? Did we from our cheerful, satisfied hearts say anything to make life easier or brighter to any burdened creature? Are we laying our plans for such service next week, as a matter of course, because that is what He has for us to do here?

I think it would startle some of us up from creaking work and literary culture, or from work that we think more necessary, if we could realize that in the picture our Lord has left us of our places at the last day, the only difference lies in the position of the hands on His right hand and those on His left, is ministering to the hungry, the naked, the sick and the afflicted—or falling to do it!

SEEKING FOR THE LIVING.

BY ELLEN T. H. HARVEY.

[Continued.]

The search for the really living among interesting dead memorials was continued at Salzburg, a town in the Austrian boundaries, about seven hours' rail-ride from Vienna. This Bavarian town, although containing but about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is a place of wonderful interest, not only for being the home of Mozart, the physician Paracelsus, and the archbishop Hieronymus, but for its most romantic scenery. Mountains are its fortifications, the solid rock entering into the construction of many of the houses, while trees grow luxuriantly among the craggy crevices. Four bridges span the Salzach river, which rushes down from the heights and divides the town, while a luxuriant plain is bordered by the precipitous Untersberg, from which height the Bavarian Alps are plainly visible. No less a judge of scenery than Humboldt said: "The landscape of Salzburg, Naples and Constantinople, I believe to be the finest in the world." In such a place the angelic disciple of Saint Cecilia once lived. I do not know as I should have thought of Cecilia in connection with Mozart, had I not seen her picture on the walls of the "Mozartum," the former lodging of the Mozarts, where we found about two hundred and fifty MSS. of Mozart, the piano and spinet used by him, and portraits of himself and family, with some other mementos of this remarkable man. Of all the pictures and albums we have secured, I value most the portrait of Mozart sitting at a piano on which he is playing while listening with a rapt expression to visible angels in a group above the instrument. We have also a photograph of Mozart's ear in two aspects!

A beautiful monumental statue of Mozart stands in the centre of Mozart Platz, on which we find that the great composer was born in Salzburg, the 27th of January, 1756, and died in Vienna, Dec. 5, 1791, aged 35. His short life, full of honors in recognition of his genius, was truly eventful, and, to me, one of the most interesting of all I have studied on this pilgrimage to many shrines. His pictures are fascinating, beginning with Mozart at six years of age, Mozart at nine years, about the time he was presented with his father to Maria Theresa at court, and so on, through the different periods of his history. The portrait of his Frau was likewise beautiful, though less striking than that of his gifted musical sister.

The portraits of his father and mother, as also those of his grandparents, emphasize the idea of inherited gifts. The Mozart family portraits are all exceptionally superior in beauty, having eyes revealing souls of a fine clearness of perception, as though often they heard what is not given to ordinary ears. Every one, more or less, has a slight appearance of listening with a delicate quietness of spirit, in an unaffected harmony with the most beautiful revelations. Their features are perfectly symmetrical, without any strong lines indicating hold and exceptional apprehensions of life's struggles or sacrifices. From a lock of Mozart's hair and the color of his portraits, it appears that he was what may be called a dark blonde, as were all his family, in slightly varying shades. The people of Salzburg, as also of Vienna, are very proud of Mozart. In 1874 the Mozart Hauschen was presented by Prince Starhemberg to Salzburg, at the time of the Mozart festival in this town. It was in this house that the great composer composed his finest work—the Zauberflöte.

The Mozart album in this house contains autographs of most of the sovereigns of Europe, distinguished personal friends, and many musical celebrities of the present age. A picture of Mozart's sister, the Baroness Sonnenberg, in the Salzburg Museum, represents her as a remarkably beautiful and rather showy woman. In the monastic church of Saint Peter we found a memorial tablet to her memory, as also one to Michael Hayden, a brother of the composer of the "Creation," and to Staupitz, the friend and patron of Luther. This church contains the tomb of St. Rupert, before which "holy oil" is always burning. But to me the most memorable association with St. Peter's of Salzburg, is the adjoining St. Peter's cemetery. The vaults hewn out of the rock and the chapels attached date from the time when the ground was consecrated by St. Rupert, in 582! Standing on that most singular spot, you look upward a dizzy height of nearly perpendicular rock several hundred feet, above what are called "the arcades," in which are the dust of "many generations," and dis-

cover what appear to be tombs along the frowning acclivity. Looking within the guide-book of Salzburg to see if your supposition be only the result of an illusive imagination, you read:—
"High above is the chapel of St. Gertrude, partly built into rock and connected with a flight of stone steps with a good-sized cave—the hermitage of St. Maximus. From this the Saint was thrown down with his followers, A.D. 477, at the time the Heralds destroyed Juvavum, now Salzburg."

But what is this I read about this very place where we are standing?
"Observe the seven iron crosses standing in a line parallel with the path, which mark the graves of the wives of a man who murdered them one after another by tickling their feet. It is satisfactory to know that Nemesis overtook him in the person of his eighth wife, who, discovering the fate intended for herself, delivered him into the hands of justice!"

I well remember many years ago reading this very story, but supposed it was merely a thrilling narrative of some sensational fabulist of the Munchausen school. Did I not open my eyes to the row of black crosses standing directly before them? Surely, they were! I counted six. A man came along the frequented cemetery path at this moment. Pointing to the weird array, I said, "Are these the crosses which mark the graves of the man who murdered his wives?"

"Yah, yah," he replied, and indicating one short place at the end of the row, he made me understand that the seventh had been broken off.

Well! Well! Little did I dream I would see this sight in my mortal body! I must shake the dust of this quaintest of all the old, ghostly towns I ever saw from off my own feet, lest I see here the realization of all the awful stories I ever read.

Strangely enough, in the Museum today we were shown a long, iron, sepulchral-looking chest, and when I inquired if that was the one in which the bride was shut in by the falling lid on her wedding day, our guide replied with great earnestness, "Yah! Yah!" and explaining how it was done by incompressible German and gestures, seemed gratified that I had comprehended. But doubting if he really understood me, I repeated my question, describing how I had read the tale of horror. He again responded as before and confirmed all my description. As I gazed on that chest, and upon about a thousand other thrilling memorials of those who had once lived in Salzburg, or been dug up out of the caves in these everlasting hills around here about our heads, I murmured, "Yah! Yah! My feet ache to go." My companion, remembering my reports of hearing singular noises every night along our carpeted marble floor, said an odd response which sounded to me like amen.

But we must stay long enough to visit St. Sebastian's Church, where in the vestibule is the monument to "Dr. Theophrastus Paracelsus," with a Latin inscription signifying that this doctor of medicine healed all sorts of wounds and "podagra hydropisim" by his wonderful arts.

In a small place like this there would seem to be Roman Catholic foundations corresponding to the munitions of natural rock. There is a resident archbishop, a college for theology, a seminary for priests, a college for the education of Romish teachers, four Catholic schools of a lower order, four hospitals, six asylums, eight monasteries, and thirty-six religious clubs! Only three hundred Protestants are registered in Salzburg.

It is easy here to seek for the living among the dead, or, I should say, for the dead living among the living dead. I have only to see the celebrated spectre of the "White Lady," to have my cup filled to the brim.

BLESSINGS AND TRIALS.

Have you never, O heart, a song to raise,
As you careless pass,
In the sunshine bright of your summer days,
O'er the smooth, green grass?
A song of praise that will rise to God
Through life's "what-ifs" and "may-bes,"
O'er the waving boughs, o'er the velvet sod
And the perfumed flowers?

For see with what sunshine of burnished gold
He dith it your way,
And, fanning it round with his love untold,
Has made glad your day.
With blessings unnumbered your path is spread
Without stint or dote.

On what countless flowers do your light feet tread,
As the swift years roll!
Never a song when the shadow of fear
He doth keep at bay
When into life's cup each trial and tear
He doth count and weigh?
Ah! never one drop in our cup of woe
God measureth not,
Lest the brimming draught should our hearts
To a deep sleep lead.

Ah! never a song when the sharp thorns turn
The sheep to his fold,
And the heat of the furnace flaming burn
The dross from our gold?
Then come forth, O heart, from the shadowed night,
Where thou faintest sang,
And lift up thy voice in the laughing light,
And the good God thank.

—HOLLIS FREEMAN, in *Christian Register*.

Our Girls.

MARION'S NEW SOCIETY.

BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.

"Can you help me a few minutes, daughter?"
"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a church committee meeting, and get back for my German lesson at 5 o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind; if I tie up my head in Pond's Extract, I guess I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of the Ideas of

Religion among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight, which made her forget the lateness of the hour. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strong-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works, but they do not know they are letting the love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs came from overwork and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.
"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls hadn't time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That sigh came because this mother feels neglected and lonely while the girls are working for the women of India. That tired look comes from getting up so early while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the musical. These frets are so weary because of their ceaseless tramp around the house all day."

"Surely, the girls help too?"

"What they can; but their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad. Loving, industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as self-hood, wicked ones!"
"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life wearily. "Girls who are cultured or take an active part in life have no time to care for the mothers who spend so much time in bearing and rearing them."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"Not now!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take time to care for her if you will only let her stay."

"Daughter, you must have night-mare. Wake up, dear! I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I'm not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button-holes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll telephone to the committee and the professor that I must be excused to-day, for I'm going to see to supper myself and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I hate to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time! Now go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all of the languages or church socials in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from the daughter usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Hanna fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquized as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time she does not need, I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well rested, I will take charge of the house and give up all the societies except one that I'll have by myself if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later, one of the woman's fragrant remarks to her:—
"We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M."

THE MASK.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

'Tis only the mask of your friend you see,
Weather-stained, sorrow-stained, scarred
and gray;
Pitiful, fading and changing fast,
Soon to be covered and laid away.

Be not repelled by the sorry mask,
Beauty immortal and fresh as dew,
Love which is all that your soul can ask,
Wait in its shadow, my friend, for you.

The spirit is ever unseen, unknown,
Struggle to shine through the flesh as it may;
In the arms of its chosen it still is alone;
They will blend into one when released from the clay.

"KEEP OUT!"

BY J. P. KIMBALL.

Little Charley, building a church with his blocks, placed two or three across the doorway, and said that was the "keep-out."

The day before, while taking a walk with his father, they saw a beautiful church nearly completed,

which attracted many visitors; so many that the contractor was compelled to put over the entrance a sign, on which were printed the words, "Keep out." And Charley, building his church, thought that that was an essential part of the edifice.

Does not the "keep out," like Charley's, sometimes remain on a church after it is finished? When a church is built at such great expense that a very high charge for rent of pews is necessary to maintain it, is there not a "keep out" for all who are not rich? In such churches can we say that "to the poor the Gospel is preached?"

Where there is a neglect to provide for polite attention to strangers, is it not a "keep out" for all except the stated worshippers?

When profession Christians show an inconsistency of their lives with their professions, is not their conduct a "keep out" to others who may be inclined to a religious life?

When a church is used for fairs, with lotteries and other kinds of questionable doings, have not such practices a tendency to "keep out" the well-disposed, who have a principle against such things?

When a minister or a church is frequently engaged in wrangling with other bodies of Christians, or bitterly discussing the denominational variations, do not such things act as a "keep out" to many who might otherwise be attracted to public worship?

Is not, in fact, the "keep out" found in too many of our churches?

The Little Folks.

GRANNY'S EYES.

"When those that look out of the windows be darkened."—ECCLES. 12: 2.

Rapt in a world of long ago,
Granny sits dreaming half the day;
Life's events for her grow gray;
Even the sun's rays lingering glow
Fades fast away.

Dear Granny! sun, and moon, and stars,
For her have lost their wonted light;
The eyes that once were sparkling bright,
Can see no more the golden bars,
And all is night!

Yet God is good, and with the cross,
He sends such love her years to bless—
Such wealth of patient tenderness—
That day by day dear Granny's loss
Grows less and less.

And children's children haunt the place
Where Granny sits, and full of glee,
They clamor wildly on her knee,
And love to kiss the dear old face
That seems to see.

And one we figure quaintly wise,
Will linger there when others play,
The little maid will sit and read;
Or, perhaps the tottering footsteps lead,
So that the blind, with such fond guide,
Can see indeed.

So Granny dear is glad and bright,
Fully content on earth to stay,
Till, in the Father's own good way,
She enters His abode, and all the night
Be turned to day.

—New York Evangelist.

"A PROFOUND SECRET."

"Can you keep a secret, Daisy?" asked Nell Clay of her younger sister.

"Yes indeed!" replied Daisy, trying to look dignified.

Nell bent down and whispered something in Daisy's ear, to which Daisy clasped her hands, and cried, "O goody!"

"Remember, it's a profound secret," said sister Nell.

Daisy ran off to school, feeling very important, and overtook Conny Travers on the way.

"Oh, Conny," she said, "I know something awful nice!"

"What is it?" asked Conny, opening her eyes wide.

"Oh, I mustn't tell," said Daisy, screwing up her lips.

"Sister Nell told me this morning. It's a profound secret."

"Oh, my!" said Conny. "Can't you just tell me?"

"Nell wouldn't like it."

"She wouldn't mind me," pleaded Conny.

"Won't you never, never, never tell?" whispered Daisy.

"Never, 'long as I live!"
"Honest and true?"
"Truer than steel!" declared Conny.

"Well, Sarah Bell's father is going to give her a piano for her birthday to-morrow, but they wouldn't have her know it for anything until she comes home and finds it in the parlor."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Conny. "It's a profound secret," said Daisy.

A few days later, Mrs. Bell called upon Mrs. Clay.

"I suppose Sarah was surprised and delighted about the piano," said the latter.

"She was delighted enough," was the reply. "But she wasn't a bit surprised. She heard it at school."

"That Conny Travers must have told," said Daisy, indignantly, after Mrs. Bell had gone home.

"But who told Conny?" asked sister Nell.

"I did, but I didn't s'pose she'd be mean enough to tell."

"And I didn't think you would," replied Nell.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Clay, "it's an old saying that 'if you can't keep your own secret, nobody else will keep it for you.' If you remember this it will save a good deal of trouble."

"There's an older sentence that I like much better," said sweet Aunt Peace from her window. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; and keep the door of my lips."—The Myrtle.

"Be my good little boy," an' 'las' night a man came on our steps an' he said, 'My son, is this Mr. Nelson's house?' an' when I said no, he said, 'Thank you, my boy,' an' a policeman said 'Just now, 'Run in, my boy, or you'll freeze.' I don't like to be a man's boy but I never haven't seen before at all, I don't."—Bryland.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do 360 days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. As home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in twenty-five years!—Philadelphia Methodist.

Impossible Things.

To bring back a single moment of time.
To escape trouble by running away from duty.
To reach the pinnacle of success without climbing the hill of difficulty.

To be a faithful, earnest Christian without prayer and Bible study.
To be good without doing good.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

.... A little girl in church, after the contribution-plate had been passed, complacently and audibly said, "I paid for four, mamma; was that right?"

.... The famous Boston musical association has given the Messiah 74 times. It ought to know how to handle it by this time.

.... "Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a hammer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said he, "you occupy my upper story."

.... A bald-headed man, who has heard that the hair of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there are not some places where he can obtain the back numbers.

.... For the sake of economy: "Yes," said the father, "I like to have my daughter have a beau on the score of economy. If she didn't, some of the other members of the family would occupy the parlor and burn gas."

.... Having interred his four wives together, a disconsolate widower embalmed their memory thus:—
"Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Mary Jane lies buried here,
Mingled in a most surprising manner
With Susan, Maria, and portions of Hannah.

.... Why bumble trimmings are so called: "Why are those things on your dress called bumble trimmings?" George wanted to know. "Oh," Emily replied, lightly, "because p'blows sail over the bill."

.... Not long since Lily, a little girl of five years, after saying her evening prayers, began to indulge in an original piece of her own, varying it according to her mood. She was aware that she was not particularly good on a certain day, and her evening prayers were thus supplemented: "I pray the Lord to make Lily a good little girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

.... "Set," said Mrs. Spicer, "I wish you would go and see to the furnace. That girl Kate is putting in coal as if she was firing a locomotive." And when Spicer remarked that the girl was perhaps a railway-sender-kid, Mrs. S. grew warmer than ever.

.... A little girl recently went to visit her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason. When she returned she was asked, "You had nice milk there, didn't you?" "I guess I didn't drink any of that milk," she indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandpa got it? I saw him squeeze it out of an old cow!"

.... A student in physiology asked the professor a question. The latter began his explanation, then hesitated, saying: "I don't know that covers the whole subject." "Oh! go on," said the student, encouragingly. "I think you are about to answer correctly."

.... Rev. Edward Everett Hale tells with much enjoyment a story of his early clerical experience. He went to a Northampton to preach one Sunday. In the vestibule of the church he was met by a venerable man, who said to him: "I'm dreadfully deaf, sir, and I don't always hear all that's said; but I wish you would speak the text loud, for when I hear a young man's text I know what he's going to say, and I can sort of follow along."

.... Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.—Bartol.

